

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Eight Thousand Copies of *Unity* are mailed each week. Recipients of sample copies are requested to read our premium list on the last page, and to send one dollar for *UNITY* one year and a valuable book.

Editorial.

GETTING our first news of the MacQueary heresy case from the secular press, we too hastily borrowed the title of "Bishop" from the same in our designation of the rector of Canton, who, not needing any such extrinsic sign of worth, will be in no way disturbed at having it thus taken from him again.

THE entire number of votes cast on the question of the admission of women to the Methodist General Conference is said to be 300,000, of which 75,000 were in the affirmative. The *Independent* commenting on this, asks what the practical outcome of the long discussion on this subject and the delayed but finally triumphant action will be; and thinks that it can only serve to emphasize the claims of women to seats in the law-making body of the church and that the more these claims are examined the more just and righteous they will appear.

THE late visit of Rev. Robert Collyer to his old home was marked by many tender and pleasing incidents. The ostensible object of Mr. Collyer's trip was to solemnize the marriage of his successor in *UNITY* pulpit, Rev. T. G. Milsted and Miss Crawford, whose family are numbered among the old parishioners of the church. A still nearer duty remained to be performed in the memorial discourse to the departed wife, preached the morning of the 18th, from the pulpit of the

church in which the two together had put the hardest and most fruitful service of their united lives. Another labor of love was the dedication of the Eli Bates tablet in memory of the numerous benefactions of the deceased member to the city and the church. Mr. Collyer occupied the pulpit of the Messiah Sunday evening, preaching to a large congregation from the text "I would not live always." The sermon was a living tribute to life and death. We should fear one no more than the other, and may well believe we shall reap as much happiness and profit in dying as we have in living.

THE Agricultural Experiment station in connection with the University of Illinois at Champaign, issues the results of its wisdom and experiments in the way of monthly bulletins. Number 12 for November '90 is before us. It contains a learned article about oats, giving field experiments, some milk and butter tests, a paper on the Hessian Fly, by our friend, Prof. Forbes, and another on the extermination of the Canada thistle, by Prof. Burrill. This last interests the homiletic mind. We should say the best way is to crowd the land with millet and rye, and offer this as a "hint to the wise," etc.

IN a late number of the *Century*, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer gives an account of an experiment in "moral chemistry" practiced by an Episcopal clergyman, who had one hundred rough boys in his charge. He set them to work looking up and recording for general use a certain number of kind and noble deeds which they had been witness to, or read or heard about. A prize was offered to the most successful compiler the first year, but never afterward. The pass-books showed better record work each year, and a growing judgment and discrimination on the part of the young recorders. "The principle of this unique enterprise in moral training," says Mrs. Spencer "is of universal application—the principle that attractive power towards the good, rather than repulsive power towards the bad is the mighty lever in character building."

THE *Advance* thinks "the sterility of Unitarianism" in foreign Christian missions must be at last apparent even to Unitarians, basing this hope on a letter of Mr. Knapp in the *Christian Register* relative to his work in Japan. The sign of progress which Mr. Knapp notices,—viz.: the spread of of liberal ideas in the churches of the orthodox missionary faith, and the approaching likeness of belief and method between the evangelical and non-evangelical sects,—the *Advance* can not regard as such. Neither can it find anything to praise in that "peculiar kind of missionary effort," which recognizes the good in the established religion of a country, satirically pronouncing such methods a repetition of the experiment of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat "who induced the people of Israel to mix in their own inventions with the revelation of God and fashion a religion to suit themselves." But we hope Mr. Knapp's mission in Japan and that of Unitarianism everywhere will continue to merit such praiseworthy censure. The only Unitarianism worth propagating, at home or abroad, is that which is willing, in humble consecration to the truth, to mingle and

lose itself in any other faith that may prove itself nearer the needs of men. It counts such losing its only real gain, and was taught the lesson by the founder of that very Christianity, the name and external trappings of which the *Advance* is so anxious to maintain.

OUR astronomer-preacher, Mr. Mann, of Omaha, in the *Sidereal Messenger* for January, has something to say about "the mass of 61 Cygni." We do not pretend to pass on the technical merits of the essay, but we gather a crumb of comfort in the assurance that there is one star "the nearest to us in all the northern skies" *probably* inferior in size to our sun, "yet shining with the fifth magnitude, hardly more than bright enough to be seen with the naked eye." "What imagination then" he asks "shall reach to the massiveness of first magnitude stars which show no sensible parallax. We are not surprised to hear it said that they are forty, sixty or one hundred times our sun." Surely Mr. Mann ought to have an observatory on his church. A sermon written at the eye end of a telescope ought to scintillate with light.

WE know not how to meet one of the petty vexations of the editorial office better than by the protest and request here offered. Scarcely a week goes by that we do not run across the expression, in matter sent us for publication, "Rev. Mr." Smith, Brown or Robinson, with no initials to help lift the weight of the double title. Will not our correspondents think for a moment of the effect on both the ear and eye, of the term "Dr. Mr." or "Judge Mr." and try to correct this very common, careless slip of the pen or tongue. Moreover, there is danger that the titled individual referred to as "Rev. Mr." will lose the main sign of his dignity in the ruthless clipping of the "Rev." whose use is impossible without the intervening initials, thus appearing to the world as plain "Mr." Please give us the full name of the minister of whose good work you and we desire to spread report.

AMONG the correspondents of the daily press we know of none whose work is more uniformly satisfactory, both in the class of subjects discussed, and in thoughtful and dignified treatment of the same, than Lillian Whiting's on the *Inter-Ocean*. Her letters are always worth reading, both for the information they convey and for the intelligent comment sprinkled throughout. Lately she took occasion to speak of Rev. M. J. Savage's new Catechism and the impression it has made on the Unitarians of Boston and vicinity, describing it, naturally enough, as the work of one whose radical thought was held in distrust by some of the members even of his own denomination. Rev. J. H. Crooker comes to the defense of the pastor of Unity, in a letter to Miss Whiting, part of which she publishes, characterizing him, with an earnestness we should not have supposed the occasion demanded, as "a very earnest and devout theist, decidedly opposed to both agnosticism and positivism * * a man who gladly ranks himself a disciple of Jesus, etc.," though holding his own views of Jesus' work and nature. Undoubtedly, Mr. Savage is "opposed" to agnosticism and posi-

tivism as terms defining his own position, but the word as here used bespeaks a hostile attitude towards the two most prominent phases of modern scientific philosophy, held in respectful if unaccepted regard by all intelligent thinkers of the day, which no ardent, uncompromising advocate of this philosophy, like Mr. Savage, could possibly hold. As to the phrase "disciple of Jesus," we confess frankly our dislike of it in general, and our surprise at the use, from such a source, of words whose flavor of old time cant and piety renders them seriously misleading. It is Mr. Savage himself, with many others, who has taught us to employ terms of religious belief and experience more carefully than this.

UNITY utters a hearty "Amen" to Miss Harrison's recent urgent appeal to the mothers' class in connection with her Kindergarten work against the violation to sense and decency arising from the comic valentine. We are sure that a refining popular sentiment will sometime do away with this grave abuse of both taste and intelligence; but we need an outspoken word from many quarters every recurring season to speed the day of correction. "The grotesque," says Miss Harrison, "leads to the coarse, the coarse to the impure, and the impure to the obscene." She pleads for the preservation and development of the child's finest sensibilities in matters of this kind, and instructs her hearers how to make St. Valentine's offering a token of love, by teaching the children how to make them themselves. She notes a decrease of sales of wares of this kind in certain localities, and expresses her gratification over the same, believing the comic valentine to be "one of the stepping-stones to *Police Gazette* literature."

Henrik Ibsen.

The critical biography by Henry Jaegar, translated by Prof. William Morton Payne of Chicago and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., affords the English reader ample opportunity to feel the pulse and to take some note of the proportions of this interesting and in many respects unique figure in literature. This book reveals a man who feels the limitations of society, the blighting effects of social as well as political tyranny, one who demands of wealth and culture that they show cause for being, and justify their existence. Mr. Jaegar shows us a self-exiled Norwegian living for the main part in Munich, with manners of the simplest, keeping strictest hours, retiring and rising early, spending four hours every forenoon pacing and writing, writing and pacing; and who during these paces "has written those profound and daring masterpieces that have opened the eyes of literary Europe to one of the strongest and best equipped personalities of our age." In his native Norwegian village, the town "Lockup," the Pillory and the Mad House near his home, were the features which made the deepest impression upon him. The shriek and moan of the hundred saws at the mills always came to his mind as he read of the guillotine in after years. This shows the tendency to dwell upon the pathetic and the tragic side of human

life. It anticipates the man who in these later years has been above the pinch of poverty and removed from the din of politics and the friction of society, yet has kept these struggles in mind and their problems in his heart. Ibsen is a man of whom it is said he has never known what it is to be sick. Happy in his own fire-side, yet the iron of discontent has settled into his soul. The cry of the unmet, the inner tragedies of respectability, the misery of plenty as well as of poverty, have disturbed his happiness and sped his pen. With the attractions of Europe's gay capitals within his reach, he continues to brood over the sins and miseries of the frost-environed home of his youth. Like Felix Holt he prefers "to go shares with the unlucky."

We are indebted to Prof. Payne for bringing this book in such admirable shape within our reach. It reminds us again of what it is easy to forget, that the grim forces of nature are true friends of man. If the Southland has its palms so has the northland its pines. Thorwaldsen, Ole Bull, Bjornson, Ibsen and their fellows are changing the fashion among tourists. The fiords of Scandinavia are beginning to attract as well as the slopes of Italy, and we hope this will continue until we realize our intimate relation to these Northmen and the forces that made them. The American youths who frequent our schools and colleges need nothing so much as an infusion of Norse energy; they need the Scandinavian virility put into their culture and ideals of life.

Ibsen has been called a pessimist; perhaps this hints at his moral value to-day. We have become too much enamored of the sugar-and-water philosophy of life. The easy assumption that everything is all right, or will be so, whether or no, makes dudes and dandies in religion and in letters. We have too many kid-gloved reformers, too much of the "Cast thy burden on the Lord" kind of piety, too many who "would cure the plague" with rose water. The current American literature is too much of the soothing-syrup kind. We need more of the vinegar of Henry Thoreau, the bitter-sweet revelations of Hawthorne, and the splendid arraignment of Emerson. It is quite the fashion to use poor old Jeremiah as a warning and a reproach to those who tell of the dark side of things, but Jeremiah's words have survived twenty-four centuries and have outlived generations of complacent minstrels who have touched their caps to the sun, complimented the moon, and echoed the cry of the old sentinel who told the hours with "All's well." No, all is not well in this world of ours yet, the prophets of unhappiness bring a savour of life unto life that the complimenting poet never does. Matthew Arnold says, "The Muse must ever wear
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth,
white skin."

Ibsen is the honest physician who persists in diagnosing the disease even though he may not prescribe the remedy. Because he believes there is a new order of things to come, and, with Herbert Spencer, looks for the overthrow of the aristocracy of war, wealth and tradition by an aristocracy of industry and character—for this reason we welcome this book and rejoice in the indication that his dramas, most of which are now available to the English reader, are to be more widely read and carefully studied.

I DO not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life. —*Dr. Johnson.*

THERE is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or mother church which ever was, or ever shall be. —*Ruskin.*

The Term "Orthodox."

A correspondent, holding an orthodox pulpit, yet in sympathy with the spirit of modern progress, writes a friendly letter in which he kindly takes UNITY to task for its misuse of the word "orthodox" and its unjust criticism of the religious facts and tendencies defined in that term. We confound orthodoxy with Calvinism, we are told, and in so doing fail to recognize the growth of liberal ideas in the evangelical churches. We should be sorry not to give full credit to that phase of rational religion which is manifesting itself within the pale of the church, and which is becoming known as the "liberal orthodox" movement. History teaches us very clearly that the work of man's mental progress goes on, in varying degrees, under all sorts of names and conditions. No single sect or age can be credited with results that are part of the universal experience of mankind. Yet the liberal churches may at least claim pre-eminence in two important points, those of time and moral courage. It is both the glory and discouragement of rationalism that it wins comparatively few to its open support, while its spirit spreads everywhere. A Unitarian church in one of our small western towns may be small in numbers, poor and without social prestige, but the radical utterances in its pulpit are sooner or later heard outside, excite comment and discussion, and inevitably stir up the currents of thought in the other churches, modifying opinion and sensibly affecting the entire life of the town. The work of the Unitarian church, especially in the west, is always of this pioneer character; and while we stand ready to admit the signs of growth and change in all denominations, we must at the same time give highest credit to those sources of rational religious instruction found in the openly-avowed liberal pulpits.

The different signification of the terms "orthodox" and "Calvinistic" is not as apparent to us as to our correspondent. It is true that the former term sits very lightly on many who profess to hold it, and is a word of looser structure than the second, which is indissolubly connected with the stern personality of the man who embodied the system of thought it defines. Nevertheless, we lose all power to think clearly on this subject, unless we are willing to abide by the ordinary sense and meaning of a term laid down in the dictionary. The word "orthodox" comes from two Greek roots, signifying right opinion, or right thinking; and in its theological application defines soundness of faith in the well-known doctrines of evangelical Christianity. The fact that under the changing conditions of the age, the term is still respected and clung to by many thoughtful people, who at the same time insistently claim to be as liberal as any one else, may puzzle, but can in no way confute the general understanding of the term. We proceed faster in any field of thought to employ words in their natural and accepted signification, and not attempt to twist the dictionary into accord with our hesitating convictions and half-formed opinions.

C. P. W.

The Earthward Pilgrimage of Religion.

One of the most inspiring signs of the times is the interest taken of late in efforts for the improvement of the masses, even those who have fallen industrially and morally to the lowest depths. Perhaps this degradation can be found exhibited nowhere in the civilized world in a more pronounced and revolting form than in the East End of London; and by a striking coincidence within the last eighteen months there have appeared

two books, bearing the name of Booth and dealing with the inhabitants of this degraded quarter. Charles Booth came first with his "East London." As material for the study of social science or the guidance of practical philanthropy, this is much the more valuable production of the two. But its fame has been eclipsed in the popular thought and speech by "In Darkest England and the Way Out," from the pen of Gen. William Booth, the head of the Salvation Army. The author proposes a quite detailed scheme for the rescue of those whom he graphically describes as "the submerged tenth," and asks the charitable world to intrust to him a million pounds to set it in operation. And it is a reassuring proof that the current interest in this line of philanthropy is of no superficial sort that the response to his appeal has been so prompt and generous. The scheme may be quixotic. We think that it is; but the spirit of its originator and his supporters is thoroughly admirable.

What the present writer wishes to direct particular attention to, however, is neither the practicableness of the scheme, nor the spirit in which it is being urged, but the suggestive hint that the book offers as to the earthward pilgrimage of religion, its journey back to this world from that which is to come. Gen. Booth would undertake to make men cleaner, happier, better, here and now. The salvation which he is seeking is a salvation in this life. There is hardly a word about a life to come. While not formally stated, it seems to be assumed that if a man makes the most out of himself in this world, his fate in another world need give him no concern. Thus our author distinctly says, "If any other organization, religious or secular, can show similar triumphs [to those of the Salvation Army] as a result of such limited operations as ours have hitherto been among the criminal population, I am willing to give place to them. 'All that I want is to have the work done.' What is 'the work'?" Obviously saving men in this life, for it is a sort of work that may be done by a "secular" organization. Religion must be making its earthward pilgrimage when one can get such a statement as the above from the head of the Salvation Army, an organization that has been so conspicuously associated with the *otherworldly* ideals of modern revivalism. For, according to those ideals, character and cleanness are subordinate matters. The essential thing is the acceptance of Jesus as one's Saviour.

But it is not only as regards the ends to be attained, but also the means of attaining them that Gen. Booth is recalling religion from the skies. In his preface he does, indeed, repeat the old thought, "If the prodigal would come home to his Heavenly Father, he would find enough, and to spare, in the Father's house to supply all his need both for this world and the next." But throughout the body of the book, it is represented that what is needed is not to fall one one's knees and pray to God, but to be washed up and set to work. The Gospel meetings are auxiliary. They cultivate a spirit of human fellowship and relieve the tedium of life, and so aid in attaining and preserving a good moral character. In describing the work of the "slum sisters," Gen. Booth says, "To form an idea of the immense amount of good, temporal and spiritual, which they are doing, you need to follow them into the kennels where they live, preaching the gospel with the mop and the scrubbing brush, and driving out the devil with soap and water." This method of exorcising his Satanic Majesty will commend itself to those of us who can find little saving grace in rattling tambourines and marching through

the mud and shouting hallelujah. To a believer in a *thisworldly* religion, it is encouraging to see the emphasis so distinctly transferred from sanctity to soap.

It would be a little premature to claim Gen. Booth as a full-fledged Unitarian, but, "In Darkest England" displays the spirit of Salvationism as much less irrational than had been thought.

H. D. M.

Men and Things.

It is said that two more volumes, one of prose and one of poetry, by the late Emily Dickinson, are to be brought out.

AN exhibition of the graphic arts will be held in Copenhagen this month, showing the progress of printing during four hundred years.

MRS. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS is writing her experiences in Alaska and Brazil. They will be published in a series of articles called "From Palm to Glacier."

THE Australian ballot-system is growing in favor. The new governors of Maine and New Hampshire put in a strong plea for the same in their recent inaugural addresses.

J. G. WHITTIER, the poet, is fond of pets. He has three handsome dogs, two cats and three horses. When the poet goes abroad in pleasant weather a young St. Bernard dog is his constant companion.

TENNYSON's brother Frederick, aged 84, has just issued a volume of poems, "The Isles of Greece." The second brother is Charles, aged 72. Lord Alfred, the poet laureate, is 80. All were Cambridge men, and all tried their hand at writing poetry, but only one made it a success.

THE *Advance* is authority for the statement that Mrs. Abby Judson has renounced her faith—she was a prominent member of the First Baptist church of Minneapolis—and embraced Spiritualism. She is one of the Judson family so famous in the history of missions, and had herself been a missionary.

THE latest report of the Bureau of Justice in this city shows that society to have collected claims for more than ten thousand dollars, representing thirty-five hundred cases among the friendless poor. One of our exchanges, commenting on this, thinks the need for a poor man's lawyer has been practically realized in Chicago.

ACCORDING to the "Dictionary of National Biography," the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which it pronounces the loveliest in the English language, were written in secret by Mrs. Browning, before her marriage, although they were not shown to her husband till long afterwards. He himself had once called her "his Portuguese," and she had replied by writing these Sonnets.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL now in his seventieth year, spent his birthday in his Swiss chalet, among the glaciers upon which so much of his thought was spent more than a quarter of a century ago. His gaunt and wiry frame is still equal to the fatigues of Alpine climbing. It is thirty years since his "Glaciers of the Alps," was published, since when Professor Tyndall has entertained a warm affection for Switzerland.

IN the publication of dailies, the *Queries Magazine* says the United States leads with a total of 1,404. Germany comes next with 891. New York state alone possesses a larger number of newspapers than are found in all continents south of the equator. Great Britain possesses but 229 dailies, but their average circulation is almost five times as great as that of the United States.

PROF. WEISMANN of the University of Freiburg, sometimes called Darwin's successor, is reported to say that as a sociologist he considers the new churches of Germany and England a greater social force than Roman Catholicism. He ranks the Reformation the greatest evolutionary force of the modern era. In Germany the Mother Church still gives an anti-scientific bias to the mind that adheres to it. Comparatively few men of science at the Universities are Roman Catholics.

JOSHUA W. WATERMAN, a retired capitalist of Detroit, offers to give \$20,000 to the University of Michigan for a gymnasium if the alumni or others will subscribe a similar amount. Mr. Waterman is a Yale graduate, and says he makes the gift because he believes that a gymnasium is the great need of the university, and will stop the riots and disturbances by thus giving students opportunity to exhaust surplus energy. This is very well, but we suspect the surplus energy, manifesting itself in the late reported riots at Ann Arbor will not be wholly done away with by such easy means. An increasing sense of manly dignity and a sounder ethical consciousness would be better safeguards than a gymnasium.

Contributed and Selected.

To Overworked Students.

Away with all of the pedagogue rules
That are made by the masters of goody-
good schools,
Such as "Each shining hour improve while
you may,"—
Or, "While the sun shines is the time to
make hay,"—
And a thousand and one other maxims and
saws
That by common acceptance are merged
into laws,
Making each pupil's head a kind of rude
hopper,
With a "thinker" within to act as a flop-
per
To stir up the grist and discharge the meal,
Whether "middlings" or "seconds" or
bran or the real
Gluten itself,—it matters not what;
So the hopper's kept full and the mill-stones
kept hot
To grind out the grist on time "to a dot."

A truce for mistaking the means for the
end!
Be true to yourself—of yourself the best
friend.
For all you receive, be an impartial giver.
Never try to be wise at the expense of your
liver.
Of the causes which lead toward life's cer-
tain depletion,
May be reckoned derangement in bilious
secretion.
Your body has rights as well as your head.
Always raise your sponge first ere you try
to make bread.
The things we would do when we've lost all
our power,
Are like the high grapes which the fox said
were "sour."
The swift running hare had to stop for a
rest,
But the turtle's success proved his gait was
the best;
And while Bunnie was weak from the shock
of surprise,
The turtle was laughing the tears from his
eyes.
Don't hurry too fast, my ambitious friend,
Success is success,—if won in the end.
In the meantime, be cheerful and joyous
and free;—
Serene in your temper as oil on the sea.
Each sigh adds a stitch to one's shroud, no
doubt.
While each hearty laugh rips a half dozen
out.
Build your structure as Nature provides you
the strength,
It will then have the height and the depth
and the length,
The unyielding walls and solid foundation
That result from the process of perfect crea-
tion.
So, while getting your wisdom, be wise in
the getting;
For the jewel is lost that is spoiled in the
setting.

D. H. F.

Our Relations with the Unseen:
Whither?

"We know the spirit shall not taste of death,
Earth bids her elements,
Turn, turn again to me!
But to the soul, unto the soul, she saith,
Flee, alien, flee!"

We slowly awaken into conscious-
ness of this world and life; we call
this process of being, birth and growth;
we can not scientifically believe there
was any miracle of creation in our ad-
vent, for science has as yet discovered
no miracle or even hint of one. Nor
from nothing we arose and drifted
hither into being; something we must
have been, in some other world or con-
dition, prior to this.

From what unseen continent of life
did we drift, or were we lifted into
this? We hope, love, and strive a little
while here, then, consciousness fades,
or is struck out. We call this pro-
cess dying. Into what unseen land
are we born when dying out of this?
We look off into space as far as the
telescopic eye can reach, in all direc-
tions. The same natural law, energy,
and life appears, only under varying
conditions. Could we increase the
telescopic reach a thousand or mil-
lion fold, we are assured that it would
reveal only other rooms in the same
natural universe. Again, if our or-
gans of vision and hearing could be
tuned an octave higher, a part of the
vast unseen realm that infolds us
would doubtless appear as new worlds
of matter, energy, and life, just as
natural as this we now see and hear.

Whatever death may be to us, so

conditioned, of two things we rest sci-
entifically assured:

First, it can not be annihilation. Sec-
ond, it must be a change of form and
condition in the natural universe of
matter and life.

Assured of this when we consider
the life of to-day, and know that to-
morrow may be death, we simply ques-
tion, *Whither* and *What*. In what un-
seen rooms of the universe about us
are those we call dead friends and
lovers? We ask this question just as
we do those concerning friends who
have crossed the Atlantic. Where,
in Europe, Asia or Africa, are they
living now? Through post or tele-
graph our friends may respond of their
whereabouts, in the land across the
sea. Are we quite sure there are not
or may not be dispatches from the vast
upper unseen, beyond death, from
those we call dead, if only we listened
and read nature's revelations more
clearly?

The higher science tells us that our
world is ever vibrating and thrilling
with sounds; music and voices flow-
ing in from the vast outlying unseen,
but our ears are so gross and dull we
hear them not. Must we always be
deaf to these higher sounds?

Human wants for higher revealings
have ever been the soul's sure prophecy
of a truer life to be. If the Over-soul
deceives not, the time is not far dis-
tant when our prayers and strivings
to know of the country and life of
those we call dead will be answered.

So far as we can discover there is
never anything annihilated or lost in
all the universe, only transformed.
With this let us keep clearly in mind
the scientific fact that we do not live
on the outer surface of our world, but
comparatively near its centre, for the
visible earth is surrounded by an at-
mosphere of invisible matter, and this
by an immense atmosphere of ethereal
matter belonging to our world, just as
real and material a part of it as the
mountains and rocks. So that in fact
we live deep down in this ethereal
ocean of our world, as marine animals
and vegetables live in the visible
ocean.

We, ignorant and blind, look up
through this ethereal ocean that over-
flows us, and hardly dream of the rich,
joyous life of those who dwell in those
upper ethereal continents of our
world. We are like fishes looking up
through the ocean over them seeing
and knowing little or nothing of the
more perfect human and animal lives
on the higher lands above their ocean
world.

Can we discover any law in the
movement or drift of forms and life,
we call birth, growth, decay and
death? Everywhere the soul of the
world appears to be ascending through
varied forms of rocks, trees, animals
and man, that it puts on and off.
Even what appears decay and loss,
seen more clearly, is discovered to be
a part of the world's progress to more
and better life. The crystal slowly
lifts itself, or is drawn upward to the
form and life of grasses and flowers.
It thus rises from the rock plane into
the atmosphere and sunshine of a
higher realm of being. The plant
ever strives to attain more atmosphere
and light; rooted still in the earth-
clod it lifts its branches and leaves
wider and higher into the invisible
world over and about it.

When the souls of the rock and tree
have climbed up to the animal form,
they have, in one sense, freed them-
selves from the grosser earth degree,
henceforth living in that higher world,
which rested over and about them
with all its higher life of beauty, and
joy and love. Is not this the natural
law of all being in the world? Each
birth and death is but the greater
steps of the soul's progress ever mov-
ing from some lower degree to a
higher. If this be true, then for man
to die is only to move from this lower,

seen degree into the next and higher,
the unseen and ethereal, just as the
crystal is born and dies upward into
the atmosphere and sunshine of our
vegetal and animal world. As marine
life deep buried beneath the ocean
waves, through many births and
deaths ascends at length to the fairer
upper continents, so we, living low
down in our atmospheric sea, whose
waves flow over our little human lives
three or four score years, through
death are lifted above it into more
ethereal continents.

"Our dead" then are only risen to
the next unseen degree, living as nat-
ural lives of home, love, work and
study as we do, only in more perfect
ways; for that unseen land and life in
the order of nature can be only a
higher continuation of this, just as the
vegetable world is a higher continua-
tion of the crystalline, the animal of
the vegetal. There can be no line
of demarkation between the living and
the dead; they must interblend and
interact, just as different degrees of
visible forms of life interblend and in-
teract. Though in our blindness
we may be all unconscious of this
higher life that rests above and flows
about us, as the crystal is unconscious
of the flower and tree close above it,
and the worm ignorant of the butter-
fly, still the unseen with its risen
"dead" must needs touch and affect
our lives to their uplifting, as the
flower and butterfly, in nature's occult
ways, may touch and affect crystal and
worm to their uplifting; for nature is
one and the same in life and death.

Whither then, O death?

"Only a step, or a few steps onward
in the great highway of ascending
life, into some of the higher rooms of
our world;" and "the dead" are our
constant helping friends.

"High lies the better country,
The land of morning and perpetual spring,
But graciously the warders
Over its mountain borders
Lean to us beckoning—bid us, 'Come up
hither.'"

And though we climb with step unfixed
and slow,
From visioning heights of hope we look
off thither,
And we must go."

W. A. CRAM.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY: What has become
of the Church of the Isolated? Has
Mr. Judy failed to realize his great
thought, or is he only temporarily
silent while formulating his plan? I
read with great interest your report
of his talk in Chicago last year, and
hoped that I should soon be enrolled
as a member of the new church, whose
jurisdiction would extend from east
to west and from north to south.
Perhaps a suggestion may augment
the interest of those of your readers
who already have the matter in mind,
and set thinking those who have not
yet heard of it, thus bringing a more
active interchange of thought about.
I will state some of the features of a
plan which might be modified and
made feasible, hoping that if you do
not find room to publish my letter
you will send it to Mr. Judy as an
evidence that there is at least one who
has faith in his idea.

1. Let the isolated be informed
and given the opportunity to be en-
rolled as members; each one agree-
ing to make regular payments of
money, the amount to be fixed the
same for all, or each one to fix the
amount of his own subscription, as
may be thought best; also agreeing
to devote a specified hour each Sun-
day to reading or taking part in the
service that may be provided. If
there is only one in a community, he
may have the service all to himself, or
read it to his family if he has one, or
invite one or more friends to be with
him; if more than one, they may meet
together and each take a part in the
service in his turn. These little co-

teries may develop into permanent
churches in favorable localities.

2. The organization thus formed
will employ a minister, whose duties
shall be to keep his congregation to-
gether and increase it, by correspond-
ence, visitation, etc., to provide a
weekly service, to arrange district
organizations with occasional meet-
ings in each district, and such other
duties as would occur to him. He
would probably need a secretary, or
several district secretaries, and he
ought to be one of the best men in the
Unitarian organization.

3. A complete service should be
sent out each week, consisting of ser-
mon, lesson (given in full unless taken
from the Bible), prayer and hymns.
Each member ought to have his own
hymnal and use it, too, even if he
can not sing. There are sermons and
tracts now in print sufficient to serve
the purpose for some time, if funds
for printing new ones should be want-
ing. The use of the prayer would of
course be optional.

4. There should be a medium for
exchange of thought and information
among the members, either a sep-
arate journal, like the *Chautauquan*,
to contain the service and other mat-
ter, or a special department in such
a paper as UNITY. Whatever method
is adopted, every member should have
the paper, and its price should be in-
cluded in his contribution.

5. Another feature should be some
arrangement whereby the larger
groups would be occasionally visited
by a minister, a sort of exchange of
pulpits as it were. Inducements of
some kind should be offered the mem-
bers to visit the established churches
near them on special occasions.

Other essential or desirable elements
of such an organization readily occur
to one as he thinks of it, but I have
given enough for my purpose. A
Sunday-school for the Isolated or
Unity Club, with interchange of books
and magazines, might be considered
in the same connection. The Post-
Office Mission could render great
assistance in the matter, or it might
by some rapid process of evolution
be itself the proposed church to which
its present mission work would be a
very desirable adjunct.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Seventeen Reasons Why I am a Unitarian

PREACHED BY REV. N. M. MANN, OF OMAHA, NEB. PUBLISHED BY A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.—1. Peter 3:15.

We have heard from our fathers that the sermon in their day often extended through several hours, having sometimes as many as sixteen divisions and subdivisions. But now the patience of listeners has fallen off, the sermon is cut down to thirty minutes and the old elaboration is impracticable; so that, whereas the preacher of other days ventured boldly upon his fifteenthly and sixteenthly, we are glad if we can be sure of making even one point, and seldom go beyond secondly or thirdly. It is therefore with some misgiving that I come before you with a discourse that divides itself under seventeen heads—that is as many heads as the celebrated beast in the apocalypse had heads and horns together.

In other words, I propose to give that number of the more striking reasons for being a Unitarian.

1. If one were to ask me, "Why are you a white man?" I could only say, "I was born so, and I do not see that I have any business to go and paint myself black like the negro, or red like the Indian." So my first reason for being a Unitarian is that God made me that way, and I do not feel that it belongs to me to try to undo His work. It is my opinion that He makes everybody else the same way, and that in the multitude of instances, the natural bent of the mind is perverted by education. The doctrines of Unitarianism, as I understand them, are the doctrines of natural religion—the conclusions to which the reverent thinker naturally comes. A leading churchman said to me the other day: "As regards religion, the scientific world seems to stand substantially upon your ground;" which is true enough. Our theology requires no stretch of credulity—it is just that which reasonable minds, if they entertain any belief at all, can not help having. It is that to which intelligence is led instinctively and perforce. People accept it, not by an act of faith as something incredible, but because they can not help it. It is the ground on which thoughtful, reverent souls naturally stand—on which they *must* stand in default of good reason for going elsewhere. It is, therefore, a rational and cogent, though negative explanation of our position, to say that we have not been convinced of the fitness of taking any other position. As the Orthodox say, we have not been "converted from the error of our ways." But, so long as we are open to conviction and seeking after the truth, I see not how this want of conversion to any one of the creeds is any fault of ours. If we simply *can't* believe them, what is there to be done about it?

2. To advance to positive reasons, I say, in the second place, that Unitarianism as a belief in the unity of God rests on evidences in nature. The uniformity of law is the final proof that the Ruling Power is one, and not many, whole, and not divided. If water ran down-hill in one country and up-hill in another, if the arithmetic of one continent did not hold on other continents, or if the consciences of the different races reported entirely different moral codes, there would be reason to think that there is more than one controlling Power. If there were found to be one natural order, and another supernatural order, the fact would point strongly in the same way. Whatever miracles indicated in the days when

they were supposed to take place, they carry with them now the suggestion of a plurality of gods. The course of nature, in which every effect has its sufficient natural cause, must be taken as the manifestation of one divinity; whereas the arrest of that order would seem to be the work of other divinities. Satan could do some wonders, and Satan was really a god, though of evil disposition. But the conviction which is laying strong hold upon the modern mind that the natural order is never broken, that a miracle is a downright impossibility, closes the last door upon the polytheistic idea. The more we learn of nature, the more the evidences multiply that the power over all and through all and in all is one power, and not two or three or more powers. One set of principles extend to every minutest structure that the microscope reveals; and the telescope shows the law of gravitation operating in systems inconceivably remote, just as it operates here. Nature preaches the unity of the Eternal Power.

3. More than this, I would say, thirdly, that the ancient prophets of Israel taught that "God is one and His name one." The earlier prophets did admit, it is true, that there were other gods, and only claimed for Jehovah that he was the greatest of all. But in the days when prophecy rose to its noblest form, the notion that other gods had any actual existence was renounced, and Jehovah was reckoned Lord, not of Israel only, but of all the earth. Great emphasis was laid upon the *oneness* of this Being. We are never told that he exists in three persons, but the statement is iterated and reiterated beyond all need, as it seems to modern readers, that he is *one*. The decalogue, most venerated of the old Scriptures, is introduced with the solemn declaration, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord;" and from this idea the prophets never depart. If God exists in three persons they certainly never dreamed of it, nor have the Jews in ancient or modern times ever admitted such a thing, and it may be supposed that they, if anybody, would understand their own teachers.

4. It is to be said in the next place that Jesus also taught that God is one. The Jews were very tenacious on this point, but they never charged that his doctrine was at fault as regards the Divine Unity. He repeated with emphasis the old words "The Lord thy God is one Lord;" and left not a single word to indicate that he had any modification to make of that saying, or any new doctrine of a tri-personality to introduce. The terms now so common, "God the Son," "God the Holy Ghost," "Trinity," "Triune God," were not invented in his time, nor does he use words having the slightest resemblance to these words, either in sound or sense. He speaks of God as "My Father and your Father," and shows him to us in an intensely personal and tender way, but it is always as one person, never as more than one. Jesus would have been the first to check the thought now so universal that he was himself God, and that worship should be paid to him. Did he not correct one for using a very mild word of praise?—"Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one; that is God!" And did he not teach men expressly to pray to the Father, providing a form of words in which no other name occurs? Beyond a question his doctrine in this regard was summed up in what seems to have been a formula of the earliest church: "To us there is but one God, the Father."

5. In most quarters it would be enough to show for a doctrine that is taught in both the Old and New Testaments, but I have further reasons to adduce. Antiquity has other testimonies beside those that come from the people of Israel, which, if not so

clear, may be counted on the same side. Greek philosophers and Roman moralists generally speak of God as one being. Reading Plato, or Seneca, or Epictetus, we find them Unitarians. They came to believe in one God, without influence from Jerusalem. The views of these great men, who were earnest seekers after truth, are entitled to great weight, and the fact that they, and others like them, arrived at definite notions of the Divine Unity in the midst of a popularly accepted polytheism, sufficiently justifies a reference to them as authorities in some such sense as the Hebrew prophets were. It may have been the part of the Jews to teach monotheism to the world, but before they got ready to teach it, the best minds had already found it out. To none of these minds, however, any more than to the prophets, or to Jesus, did it appear that God was manifest in three persons.

6. In the sixth place, I am a Unitarian because in the simple unity of God I find a consistent, intelligible conception. This is certainly more than can be said of the notion presented in the current creeds. There we are told of a Divine Unity, which, at the same time, is a Trinity, of three persons, who are yet the same person, of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, each of whom is God, and each a distinct person. At the same time we are told that there are not three Gods, but one God. Such another confused and confusing idea is hardly to be found in all the annals of human thought. How it keeps its hold in theology is a marvel, the secret of which doubtless lies in the unfathomable mystery which surrounds the whole subject of the Divine existence. Probably it appears to many minds that such an incomprehensible subject is best referred to and stated in language that defies comprehension; that the supreme mystery ought to be couched in mysterious phraseology. But if there is a topic on which we can not speak without using language that is self-contradictory, why say anything on that topic? Does it really help any toward an understanding of a deep subject to use words which convey no thinkable idea? Such a proceeding is certainly entirely foreign to the method of Jesus. When he spoke of God he was careful to be very simple and intelligible. Why people who look to him as the author and finisher of their faith should seek to improve on his method, is not easy to see. His constant formula for the Divine Mystery is, "Our Father in Heaven," "My Father and your Father." No blind, enigmatic epithets, no seeking to match the mysterious Reality with mysterious terms, no confusing the intellect with talk about three persons in one God.

7. Another reason for being a Unitarian is, that the Trinity infinitely exaggerates the importance of earth and man. This is an argument that they will understand who have some notion of the immensity of the universe and the relative insignificance of the planet on which we live. Let those who have contemplated these tremendous facts turn from them to that idea of the Creator presented in the current creeds, and they will have trouble enough. For the Trinity is suited to that notion of the universe that makes this earth the central and all-important body; the three persons of whom it is composed having their several offices solely with reference to this world. The instant you begin to think of the globe on which we live being but an infinitesimal speck of the entire creation, that theory looks strangely disproportionate. How an astronomer, accustomed to peer through the vastnesses about us, and familiar with the thought of an endless succession of suns and worlds, more in number than the drops of the ocean, can entertain the thought that the Eternal Maker and Sustainer

of them all was actually born upon this earth, lived here thirty-odd years, playing the games of childhood, working at carpentry, finally preaching awhile and perishing upon the cross—how these incongruous conceptions can have place in the same mind, has always seemed to me among the most unaccountable of mental eccentricities. The doctrine of the Trinity was devised in the days when it was universally supposed that this earth was in every sense of the word the center of the universe. That God himself was born among men and lived here, was not an incredible proposition under that view. But modern astronomy has annihilated that notion of the universe, and the church is left with a doctrine as incompatible with the science of today as is the philosopher's stone or the astrologer's key to the futurity.

8. My argument thus far has borne only upon that particular tenet from which Unitarianism historically takes its name. But it has other features that commend it, and to these we must now pass. Its doctrine of the Unity of God is supplemented by a doctrine of the Unity of Man. There is the Fatherhood; there is also the Brotherhood. These are easy words to say—everybody is saying them; so I shall not rest upon the mere statement, but proceed to point out how our convictions and actions are influenced by this doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man. It will thus be shown to be not a mere vapid sentiment. When we represent to ourselves mankind as God's children, we feel compelled to assume the very highest type of family relationship. The father must have an equal affection for all his children, giving to each strictly according to deserts. In other words, he will not have any pets in his household, or show the slightest partiality. Applying this view, it at once follows that the Father of men has not singled out any one race of the world's inhabitants as his special care, revealing himself exclusively to them. This would be a shocking conception of his dealing with his family. Whatever superiority the Jew had in the old time, he earned. There was no arbitrary selection of him to the neglect of the rest. He had his revelations; other races had theirs, differing according to their various stages of growth. So when Buddha counsels men to love one another, it is just as good precept as when it comes from Jewish sources. The sentiment of the Golden Rule is the same whether we have it from Confucius, or Hillel, or Jesus. The law of benevolence and righteousness as enunciated by Mencius is just as sacred, just as authoritative, as it is when coming from the lips of prophet or apostle. This is one way in which we make practical application of the doctrine of human brotherhood. Man is God's child whichever side of a continent he is on, and it will not do to say that to one race alone the oracles have been committed. This view modifies our attitude toward the non-Christian world at the present time. It tempers our zeal for missionary work in foreign fields, and now that we are entering upon that work, we have to entirely revolutionize its methods. We feel that we must address ourselves to Japanese, Hindoos, Siamese and others as to brothers who are pretty sure to have something to tell us, so that the instruction will not be all on one side. We do not go out with the egotistic notion that we have all the light and they all the darkness. That method has proved very unproductive and very expensive, and has only succeeded at all because it is usually accompanied by a fanatical and fiery zeal. If we call men our brothers, consistency requires that we should not assume an immeasurable superiority over them.

9. I like Unitarianism, in the next place, because it encourages the noblest endeavor. It says, without

reservation: What man has done, man can do. No eminence of true greatness has been reached that is not yet accessible. The glorious lights of the past are not set merely to dazzle our eyes or to tempt us to impossibilities; they show us what achievements are forever within the reach of the children of men. Isaiah is not so sublime, or Paul so devoted, or Jesus so good, that the world can never see their like again. Between them and the world from which they sprung there is no impassable barrier. The child may be sleeping in his cradle now who will have graces and gifts equal to any one of the Bible heroes. We are all of the common human brotherhood, and the glories with which one of our fellows is crowned, reveal to us the range of our own possibilities. We, too, may eventually become like him; but it may take more than this lifetime. For the race, however, the possibility remains of reproducing such a character at any time. The divine man, we may be sure, has not ceased to appear; he will come again and again, unless the race has passed its prime, which does not appear likely. If the golden age is before us, as we think, the world has not yet seen its greatest or its best souls. The future may outdo the past in spiritual as effectually as in material things.

10. In the tenth place, I am a Unitarian because it is possible in that connection to have a natural, reasonable notion of what the Bible is. We are enabled to see that it is the surviving literature of a nation, having its peculiarities, its matchless excellencies, but still corresponding to the sacred books of other nations, and produced in the perfectly natural way in which all books have been produced. That is to say, it is a legitimate outcome of the human mind and heart, not a miraculous book dropped down from heaven, or a book written in some magical way such as never was known before or since. Supernatural book-making is a serious stumbling-block to the modern mind. It is an immense relief to be delivered from the necessity of believing in any such thing.

11. From this follows my eleventh justification of the hope and the faith that are in me. Unitarianism teaches the adequacy of the human faculties. We are mentally as well as physically equipped for the emergencies of our mortal lot. Reason and conscience are not lures, as some seem to teach, to lead us on to perdition, but faithful guides, competent to answer, as far as need be, the questions that come before them. This is an article of faith, which seems to me to be of incalculable worth. To feel that Nature is dealing fairly with us, laying requirements upon us according to our capacity; to feel that the laws of thought which dominate our minds are wide-reaching as the universe, and underlie the very structure of the worlds; that the reason, the heart and the conscience are so august a tribunal that from their decision there is no appeal, lends a sense of dignity to human nature which is at once an element of strength and of joy. The consciousness of weakness and of sin has its place and its uses, but if we are to be men and women, we must also have a consciousness of power and adequacy to our tasks. We are bound to respect and honor the faculties that God has given us, however we may be compelled to admit our misuse of them. He has given us the power to discern what is right and what is true, and this power He has given us to use, if anything has a purpose or a meaning. A saying which everyone will do well to put away in his memory for future reflection is this: "When God made thee, he meant thee." The possession of a faculty is the warrant for the use of it. So we do not hesitate to apply reason to religion; it is the province of reason to free us from our errors and to lead us into truth. And to have

this faith in human nature that in it are the springs of all perfections, that it has upward as well as downward possibilities, that it is a perfect law to itself, covers life and all its experiences with a new and brighter light. Human nature is the ship in which we are all floating. The question is whether we shall think of it as a condemned hulk, rickety and rotten, its compass pointing the wrong way, its officers and crew incompetent and bent on mischief, with no anchor and no boats, and nothing to depend on but the life-preserver, and the sea full of sharks—whether we shall think of it in that way, or as a staunch craft equipped for the voyage, able to take its direction and make for the distant port. For my part, as long as I am aboard this ship, I prefer to think well of it.

12. My twelfth justification of Unitarianism is, it welcomes all advances of thought. It is not living, as some other faiths seem to be, in constant apprehension that something will be found out by some inquisitive explorer that will overturn the whole foundation of theology. It supposes that all truths harmonize; that within the bounds of things conceivable one truth will never clash with another truth. So it says to the worlds of science and philosophy: Bring your discoveries; the church which guards the truth of God must be open to light from all sides, must be in the full blaze of intelligence lest it turn out that what it guards is not the truth after all. If anything new is found out bearing upon religious history or upon any religious doctrine, the church should be the first to know it and to act upon it. That is the attitude of Unitarianism, and it is the attitude of no other church. Unitarianism does not tie itself inextricably to a stake that was driven a thousand, or a hundred, or even ten years ago. Its teachings grow and change with the growing and changing light. It does not propose to lead people blindfolded into heaven, but counsels them to keep their eyes open; they will see none too much. It has no confidence in that feat of legerdemain by which so many good people think to cheat themselves for their own good. Let us know the truth, we say, though the whole structure of the spiritual heavens fall. Atheism and annihilation are better than the suppression of the truth.

13. The next reason why I like Unitarianism is one that may go for little or nothing with others, or even be reckoned a decided objection. Tastes differ. I say, therefore, rather as a matter of personal preference, that I like this connection because it has not an army of solicitors confronting you at every turn—solicitors not only for your cash, but for your souls. I know this is often looked upon, even by ourselves, as a weakness. It is often said we appear too indifferent toward strangers who come into the church; we do not rush upon them with profuse greetings and fairly take them by storm; or, failing to secure instant capitulation, we do not pursue the intended victims to their homes and lay siege to them there, like importunate lovers, until, unable to resist such blandishments, they yield and come into the fold. This is a great art, worked out to perfection by people who really put their hearts in it as one of their religious duties—as one of the appointed means for the salvation of souls. But it is an art in which we can never excel. And I am glad of it. It is a piece of supererogation, having no place in our system; and the fact that we are not up to it is not, as some think, a sign that we are cold and dead. It is no secret that the church is a public place, that the people of every church are very glad to see any person who may come in. Unitarians are just as delighted as others with an influx of new faces, but if any one waits to be

floated into their circle on a sea of taffy, he will wait a good while. When I say I like this, I would not be understood as a defender of distant and freezing manners. I do not like to hear that people have occupied adjoining pews for years without speaking to each other. There is need enough of more cordiality, more recognition of the church relationship. But I do like that respect for individuality which secures a person from being swamped in a circle of people with whom, it may be, he has nothing in common, and whose attentions to him, as he knows and as they know, are purely perfunctory.

14. Fourteenthly, Unitarianism has no curses for unbelievers. If you reject its doctrines, it does not reproach you. The doors out of this church, as the doors into it, swing easily. There are clergymen, prominent in other connections, who have been Unitarian ministers, and I have yet to hear of an instance where such withdrawal has been made a grievance, or broken the cordial relations before existing. This faith puts every man on his own conscience. It honors one who goes out with a clear conscience more than it does another who stays in without any conscience involved in the matter. I want to be of a church which, if ever the time should come that I should feel it my duty to go into the church of Rome, would not let me go without its genuine and right-handed blessing on my head.

15. In the next place, I like this faith because it provides the widest fellowship. This may sound strangely when you consider how few we are in Omaha, how few in all this great West. But the church which is open to all souls places its members in practical fellowship with a great number of earnest, faithful persons of every profession. In any good work he is joined hand in hand with these. What is more, he is in fellowship with the spirit of the age, finds science and philosophy, poetry and art, making one cause with him—the epoch-making books of the time preaching his gospel. No other religionist is *en rapport* with the great authors as he is; no other can truly boast of having in his own ranks such a brilliant array of them. An enumeration of the Unitarian names famous in literature and in science would excite surprise, even among ourselves. Further than this, Unitarianism has a breadth greater, far, than the Christian name. It reaches over, and has a virtual fellowship beyond the Christian world. In their doctrine of God, the Jews are strictly Unitarians, as are also the Mohammedans. But this is less of a link than the universal religious sentiment which pervades so much of the old Oriental literature, making us sure that the hearts of hundreds of millions in the East have been keeping time through the ages to these pulse-beats of ours. The Hebrew and Christian scriptures, though they be the best, are not the only ones that Asia has produced; and when the more complete Bible is edited, it will contain many a chapter that will take us back in gratitude and veneration to founders and apostles of faiths, whose very names are now strange to us.

16. And so I say, in the next place, that I like Unitarianism because it suggests a possibly universal faith. There is no reason to think that Christianity, in any of its popular forms, will ever become the religion of mankind. The antagonism of sect toward sect is an obstacle, but the chief impediment is an inability to see the good points in other religions, and establish sympathetic relations with them. The notion among them all is that there is one true religion, and that all others are false religions, and so must be cut up root and branch. In the days when forms of faith were

forced upon nations at the point of the sword, this attitude of infinite superiority worked very well; but in peaceful propaganda it has not been successful. I do not imagine that our Liberal Christianity is going to march to a success where the great missionary churches have accomplished so little; but I do think that a Christian church which repudiates the old distinction of true and false religions, which finds something true and beautiful in all religions, points to a line of advance on which there may be some hope of bringing the world, if not to one confession, at least to one working fellowship.

17. Finally, I give as reason for preferring Unitarianism, the fact that it shines with a steady, not a fitful light. Its support, its inspirations, its hopes, fall all along the daily path of life, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It rests upon rational grounds, and so is not subject to the uncertain ebb and flow of sentiment. The topics it brings for contemplation are plain matters of duty, or problems for calm and passionless thought. It unrolls no drama; it has no sensationalism. Its method is to cultivate, to admonish, to instruct. The sources of this helpfulness no more run dry than do the fountains of learning, or the perennial springs of poetry. Like Mencius before the king, the preacher of this faith has two themes good for all seasons—benevolence and righteousness; or if he makes excursions to other fields, he returns ever to these fundamentals. But this preaching produces no excitement. People do not come in throngs and crush each other in their eagerness to get within hearing of it. Nevertheless it keeps right on, summer and winter, one steady, unfailing flow, working over the simple permutations, benevolence and righteousness, righteousness and benevolence. It does not coruscate like a meteor or a comet, but has the constant radiance of the morning star, suggestive of the Eternal Calmness, and of a life which never goes out.

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—We hope here that Rev. M. J. Savage may not be induced to leave our city and reside in Chicago. To be sure the pulpit at both ends needs him, but there is not yet here a minister upon whom the "garment of succession" may be thrown.

—The Ramabai School in Bombay reports seventeen widow scholars, one-half from some high caste. Eight of these became widows before the age of ten years; four others between ten and thirteen years. The school is supported by funds sent from Europe and from America, with some local gifts. A removal to the healthy city of Poona is planned.

—The Unitarian ministers here hold on Mondays four separate club meetings with essay and discussion; viz.: "Ministerial Union" open to members and all other ministers, held on the last Monday forenoon of every month; "Monday Club," held on all the other Monday forenoons, open to all ministers (no regular membership); the meeting of younger ministers to consider practical church work, held monthly on Monday afternoon, and the old Boston Association held on Monday afternoon. The last named, by ancient custom, enjoys the hospitality of a ministry parlor. The others meet in the A. U. A. building. Of course they are not so well attended as only one or two formerly were.

—The Sunday School Teachers' Union met on Monday and discussed "Rewards, Promotions and Entertainments in the Sunday School." Every shade of opinion was exhibited.

—The weaker suburban churches are receiving, this winter, unusual missionary aid in preaching, from the Suffolk county (mostly Boston) ministers.

—"Liturgical Worship" is discussed in all the county conferences of the State. There is warm opposition to the new service book, while it has many able advocates.

—The new "Service of Temperance and Purity," for use of Sunday schools on Sunday February 22, is ready at the S. S. Rooms, and costs one dollar a hundred.

Monroe, Wis.—Mr. Sprague writes: "We have organized an Emerson class of about twenty members to meet on alternate Sunday evenings. The program is Mr. Gannett's, with some alterations. It proves very interesting and profitable. Mrs. Sprague has a class of young girls which meets every Friday evening to read and study Tennyson. Our church and Sunday-school as well as the town, is mourning the loss of one of its noblest women. Miss Rose White passed from this earthly life on Tuesday, January 13. The funeral was held on Friday at her home with her uncle, Mr. A. C. Dodge. A sweet memory filled the occasion and though all mourned yet all were glad that she had lived. A class of nine boys surrounded the beautiful white casket, trimmed with roses, and bore to its resting place the body of her who for some years had acted as their religious guide and instructor." After the remarks of Mr. Sprague, the following hymn, written for the occasion by Joseph Wood, of Monroe, was sung by the choir:

No eloquence of words can tell
That deepest feeling of the heart,
When loving friends so soon must part,
And say that last sad word—Farewell.

Time, only, can assuage our pain
And loneliness, from grief of thee;
So genial was thy company,
Our sense of loss will long remain.

Yet sweet will be thy memory,
To those dear friends who knew thee well;
Whose joy 'twill ever be to tell
How much of goodness dwelt with thee.

And in that better life to be,
When loving friends shall meet again,
The sad remembrance of our pain
Shall change to joy in greeting thee.

Limekiln, Wash.—A correspondent writes, Jan. 13: "Perhaps you may be interested to some extent in what we of the far west are doing to spread the light and help the cause of Unitarianism. From two or three souls who accepted the new faith in this vicinity six months ago, we have grown until now we have hopes of organizing a society within the next few weeks with at least twenty members. The first Unitarian sermon ever preached here or ever heard by any one living here (save perhaps two or three persons) was preached by Rev. Herman Haugerud, of Puyallup, five weeks ago, since which time he has spoken to us twice, and will preach again next Sunday. His first sermon created a great stir in the orthodox camp, some of the good brethren going so far as to say, if God would forgive them for going that time they would never go again. Well, we are going right along, and while we are weak, both in numbers and finances, yet we feel that we are in the right, and that right must finally win the battle against might. Mr. Haugerud is a bright, intelligent young man, very energetic and full of vim. He is a deep thinker and free speaker and we feel very fortunate in being able to secure his services even temporarily. We hope to secure him to speak regularly in the near future, as he is only engaged by the society at Puyallup for morning services. The

only thing to hinder will be lack of funds, and we shall try to overcome this difficulty. If any kind friend of the cause wishes to spread the light they can do so by sending copies of UNITY, or any other good publications, and I will put them in good hands."

We commend the earnest circle at Limekiln to the consideration of friends that may fall upon these lines.

Union City, Sherwood and Athens, Mich.—For many years liberal sentiment has been kept alive in the first named place by frequent lectures on living topics by well known thinkers and lecturers, notably by B. F. Underwood, who is a frequent and welcome visitor. Lately Rev. Ida C. Hultin has interested herself in the situation here, so nearly allied to that she has so carefully fostered in Sherwood and Athens. A short time ago the entire field was placed in the hands of the secretary of the Western Conference.

—The people in Sherwood are so well trained that when a speaker from outside can not be obtained, they come together regularly and conduct the services by themselves, some member of the society reading a printed sermon. During the noon hour many people remain to the Sunday school, which has a large adult class, working this winter on Mr. Maxson's lessons. The society has had the misfortune to lose its former place of worship under circumstances peculiarly trying and discouraging, but the prospect is good of another church being soon built. Neither of the places mentioned can bear the expense of a settled minister alone, and it is hoped some opportunity may offer of securing the services of one who can take charge of the three parishes, distant from each other only a few miles.

Grand Rapids.—A word of congratulation and encouragement of the work going on at this point should have been spoken in these columns before. Under the hearty leadership of Mr. C. S. Udell a liberal movement was newly started several months ago; and Rev. C. J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, leaving her colleague, Rev. Marian Murdock in charge of her pulpit at Kalamazoo, has visited Grand Rapids at frequent intervals, holding services in the Jewish Synagogue Sunday morning and evening, and calling others to her assistance at such times as she was not herself able to be present. The attendance at the meetings is excellent both in number and quality. The desire to form a permanent organization is growing, and the prospect for an active working society in this thriving city is very good. Grand Rapids needs that other attraction in the line of intellectual life and interest, and that other aid to moral activity that would come with

the organization of a liberal society devoted to the religion of reason and right living. We shall watch the progress of affairs here with deep interest.

Rockford, Ill.—The Rockford papers of the 19th inst. contain accounts of the interesting exercises of dedication of the Church of the Christian Union on the preceding Sunday, Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr, pastor. Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, was present in the evening, taking part in the dedicatory services which came at that hour. The church building is a model of convenience and beauty, will seat 700, and was erected at a cost of forty thousand dollars. From a local paper we clip the following:

"After the buffetings of twenty years, during which time they have been knocked about from pillar to post, they at last have a place of worship of their own. This they deserve, for they have worked hard to secure it, and now that they have got it they are fully warranted in bubbling over with happiness and giving expression to their joy in every possible way.

"Much of the credit for what has been accomplished is due to the indomitable pluck, energy and ability of the pastor, Dr. Kerr. During all these years he has labored zealously for the upbuilding of the society, and the church which was yesterday dedicated is in reality the consummation of his life's work. Dr. Kerr is an able man, and time and again has been the recipient of flattering offers to go elsewhere. Even the most tempting of them he has put aside, and

with remarkable fidelity he has stood by his first love, with a low salary and not infrequent discouragements, till he has built this magnificent edifice and placed the society on a firm basis. And everybody says, 'All honor to Dr. Kerr for what he has done.'"

Decorah, Iowa.—Sunday, the 18th inst., was a memorable day in the annals of Unity Church, Decorah. It was our privilege to be present and assist in the interesting service of dedication, and in the other services of the day, which drew full houses, and awakened a very general interest in the community. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem" so the hills are round about Decorah, and the presence of the Lord shone in the glad faces of His people there throughout the day. We promise our readers a more extended account of the services in our next issue.

Nora, Ill.—The Western Secretary, John R. Effinger, preached recently in the town hall at Nora. Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, of Monroe, Wis., preached there recently on a week night and writes of "a delightful time." He says: "An audience of 150 greeted me and seemed much interested. At my invitation some 25 remained to arrange for future services. A committee of three were chosen to make the necessary arrangements." Three future meetings were announced definitely by Mr. Sprague.

Clarinda, Iowa.—Rev. H. Lewellen, formerly of Bloomfield, Iowa, has recently accepted the pastorate of the Universalist church at Clarinda.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

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"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

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on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—By worship rightly man doth go.
Mon.—Mercy cometh to the merciful
Tues.—Ask who his friends are ere you
 scorn your foe.
Wed.—Truth is the speech of inward piety.
Thurs.—Each man his prison makes.
Fri.—Take heed that no man, being 'scaped
 from bonds
 Vexeth bound souls with boasts of
 liberty.
Sat.—The dew-drop and the star shine sis-
 terly,
 Globing together in common work.
 —Edwin Arnold.

The Boy and the Brook.

Said the boy to the brook that was rippling
 away,
 "Oh, little brook, pretty brook, will you
 not stay?
 Oh, stay with me, play with me, all the day
 long,
 And sing in my ears your sweet murmuring
 song."
 Said the brook to the boy as it hurried away,
 "And isn't for my music you ask me to
 stay?
 I was silent until from the hillside I gushed;
 Should I pause for an instant, my song
 would be hushed."
 —From "In My Nursery," by Laura E.
 Richards.

Honor Bright.

Farmer Pritchard took little Tommy,
 four years old, no father or mother,
 from the poorhouse on trial. "He's
 bright," said the farmer, "but I don't
 know whether he's honest. That's
 the thing on my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—
 one week of sunshine—when the
 black cloud came.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough at
 night, and on the bureau, near the
 head of the bed, he kept a few gum-
 drops, which he could reach out and
 get to soothe his throat. One fore-
 noon, chancing to go into the bed-
 room, his eye fell on the little paper
 bag; and he saw there was not a gum-
 drop left.

"Tommy has been here," he said.
 "I know there were five or six there
 when I went to bed last night, and I
 did not take one. Tommy! Look
 here! Have you been getting my
 gumdrops?"

Tommy, who was playing in the
 door, looked up brightly and said,
 "No; I did not."

"Did you take them, Lucy?"
 asked the farmer, turning to his
 wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched
 them, and her heart sank as she said
 so; for who was there left to do it but
 little Tommy? Her husband's face
 grew grave.

"Tommy," said he, "you need
 not be afraid of the truth. Did you
 take the gumdrops?"

"No, I did n't," replied Tommy.
 "Oh, yes, you did, Tommy. Now
 tell the truth!"

"No, I did n't."

"This is bad, very bad, indeed,"
 said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This
 is what I have been afraid of."

"Oh Tommy!" pleaded Mrs.
 Pritchard, "if you took them, do say
 so."

"If he took them!" repeated her
 husband. "Why, it is clear as day-
 light."

Tommy had been running in and
 out of the room all the morning.

But Tommy denied, though the
 farmer commanded and his wife im-
 plored. Mr. Pritchard's face grew
 ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the
 truth," he said, "and then, if you don't
 confess, why, I'll have nothing to do
 with a boy who lies. We'll ride
 back to the poor-farm this afternoon."

"O Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard,
 following her husband into the entry.
 "He is little! Give him one more
 trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a
 youngster tells a falsehood like that

with so calm a face, he is ready to
 tell a dozen. I tell you it's in the
 blood. I'll have nothing to do with
 a boy that lies."

He went out to his work; and Mrs.
 Pritchard returned to Tommy and
 talked with him a long while, very
 kindly and persuasively, but all to no
 effect. He replied as often as she
 asked him, that he had not touched
 the gumdrops.

At noon, Farmer Pritchard went
 into the house and they had dinner.
 After dinner he called Tommy.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you
 take the gumdrops?"

"No, I did n't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer, "my
 horse is harnessed. Lucy, put the
 boy's cap on. I shall carry him
 back to the poorhouse, because he
 will not tell the truth."

"I don't want to go back," said
 Tommy, but still he denied taking the
 gumdrops.

Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get
 the boy ready. She cried as she
 brought out his little coat and cap
 and put them on.

But Tommy did not cry. He com-
 prehended that an injustice was done
 and he knitted his baby brow and held
 his little lips tight.

The horse was brought round. Mr.
 Pritchard came in for the boy. I
 think he believed up to the last that
 Tommy would confess, but the little
 fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon.
 Such a little boy he looked as they
 drove away. He thought of the cold
 house to which he was returning.
 The helpless old women, the jeering
 boys, the nights of terror—all these
 he thought of, when, with pale face
 and blue lips, he was taken down
 from the wagon and sent up to the
 poorhouse.

Farmer Pritchard watched him as
 he went up the steps. He went in.

The master came out for an expla-
 nation. It was given and the farmer
 drove away. The farmer laid a fresh
 stock of gumdrops on the bureau at
 night, and thought grimly that these
 were safe. He retired early, but his
 sleep was broken. Mrs. Pritchard
 could not sleep at all. The tears stole
 through her eyelids long after the
 candle was out. She was thinking
 of the little boy, perhaps cowering
 in his cold bed with terror. Sudden-
 ly, a curious, small sound attracted
 her attention. It was repeated again
 and again, and now and then there
 was a tiny rustle of the paper. The
 sound came from the bureau. She
 listened and her heart beat with ex-
 citement. She knew the sound.

"Joseph!" she whispered, "Jo-
 seph!"

"What, Lucy?" said her husband.
 He, too, had been lying awake.

"Did you hear that noise, Joseph?
 It's mice!"

"I know it."

"It's mice, Joseph; and they're
 after your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned
 Farmer Pritchard upon his pillow.

It flashed upon him instantly. He,
 and not Tommy, was the sinner. The
 noise stopped. The little depreda-
 tors were frightened, but soon began
 again. And a rare feast they made.

It seemed as if that night never
 would end. The farmer heard every
 hour the clock struck, and at five he
 got up and made a fire in the kitchen.
 His wife arose at the same time and
 began to get breakfast.

"I won't wait for breakfast," he
 said. "You can have it ready when
 we get back. I'll harness and start
 now."

In a few moments the wheels
 rolled over the frozen ground, and
 away drove Mr. Pritchard in the
 morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the
 child's top and primer, and made the
 kitchen look its cheerfulest. Then

she got breakfast. She baked pota-
 toes and fried chicken and made
 fritters. She put the nicest syrup on
 the table, and a plate of jellies and
 tarts. She laid Tommy's knife and
 fork in their place and set up his
 chair. The sun had risen, and the
 bright beams fell across the table.

As they drove into the yard, they
 stopped at the door; and the wonder-
 ing, smiling little Tommy was lifted
 down in Mrs. Pritchard's eager arms.
 She held him very tight.

"Lucy, let's have breakfast now,"
 said the farmer. He's our boy now,
 Lucy. He's never going away
 again."

Do not be too ready to distrust or
 disbelieve children. Remember this
 story and the little mice who took the
 gumdrops.—Selected.

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(See No. XX., W. U. S. S. Soc'y Publications.)

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BEGINNINGS: *The Legend and the True Story*

XXI. THE FIRST TEMPLE.

(A) Beth-El and Jacob's dream, Gen.
 xxviii. Ancient shrines and altars.

(B) What gave rise to holy places? Trace
 the growth of the temple-idea and the
 temple-fact, from the primitive pile of
 stones to ancient temple and modern cathed-
 ral. Study Sarah Flower Adams's hymn,
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as a spiritual
 interpretation of an ancient story.

"These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within."

Beth-El means God's house. Repeat the
 story of Jacob's dream as given in Genesis
 xxviii. We find here the same crude notions
 of deity that we have met before in the old
 Bible legends. Review lessons iv., ix., x.,
 xii. Did Jacob think that Yahweh, his God,
 was omnipresent? See verse 16. And did he
 suppose that there were other gods? Verses
 20-22. He proposed to make a bargain with
 Yahweh, and in return for his protection and
 assistance select him as his special deity.

As usual, the Rabbinical and Mussulman
 traditions have enlarged on the Old Testa-
 ment story. The stones which Jacob used
 for a pillow were originally twelve in num-
 ber. Adam had set them up as an altar, and
 Abel offered sacrifice upon them. The Flood
 threw them down, but they were restored by
 Noah and again, after a second overthrow,
 by Abraham, who proposed to sacrifice Isaac
 on them. (See lesson xviii.) In the morn-
 ing, after using them for a pillow, Jacob
 found that they had melted into one. Bar-
 ing-Gould, in his "Legends of the Patri-
 archs and Prophets" (ch. xxvii.), tells us
 that this stone was said to have been carried
 to Scotland and placed at Scone, for the con-
 secration of the Scottish kings. Edward I.
 of England brought it to London and set it
 beneath the chair of the Confessor. It is
 still to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

Our Bible story is of great interest as point-
 ing to the fetishism which prevailed once
 among the Hebrews as well as other ancient
 peoples. (See Lesson xvi.) There was at
 Bethel a sacred stone, a survival from the
 fetishistic period. It had been worshiped
 so long that it would have been impossible
 to break down the awe with which people
 regarded it, and so it was appropriated by the
 priests and prophets of Yahweh, and given a
 place in the traditions of his worshipers. The
 Christian church has pursued the same wide
 policy in adopting pagan rites and usages,

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and giving them a Christian character. Thus Sunday has become the Sabbath; Yule Christmas; the old spring-time festivals, Easter; and the cross, which, as a religious symbol, long preceded the birth of Jesus, has been made a synonym of his atoning death.

At first consisting of but a single stone, the altar came afterwards to be a pile of rough stones, then of hewn stones. Finally a building was erected over it. This was made more and more elaborate until it culminated in a Parthenon in Athens or a Westminster Abbey in London. Thus the temple was evolved.

In all these steps, the central feature has been a spot where offerings may be made either to some deity or departed spirit. The idea of the modern cathedral is a shelter erected for the convenience of the worshipers over the altar designed for the sacrifices. In Protestant worship, the original significance of the communion service is almost lost sight of; but it is a survival from the practices of our ancestors who offered sacrifices on some altar. This is very obvious in the case of the Catholic service. The consecrated wafer which is supposed by the process called transubstantiation to be converted into the body of the Christ, is called "the Host," a word derived from the Latin *hostia*, a victim offered as a sacrifice.

"Sing the familiar hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' noting how the second, third and fourth stanzas are based on the Bible story of Jacob's dream. In this hymn, the stone is referred to as a hard, uncomfortable pillow which the lone wanderer was compelled to use because he could find nothing better. Is there anything of that thought in the Bible story?

Let us not miss the truth that underlies all these gropings. That is a genuine impulse, which leads the savage to bow before the stick or the stone. Modern science is telling us that in what we sometimes call nothing but matter, there is not less but more mystery and marvel than the savage thought. And modern philosophy is telling us that all these marvelous and mysterious forces are but manifestations of the one Infinite and Eternal Power that is making for righteousness.

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